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Napoleon the First, Emperor of France.

From St. Helena to Santiago de Cuba.

Being a Summary of Facts Concerning

Doctor Francois Antomarchi.

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NAPOLEON I.
Emperor of France.

Napoleon, the First Emperor of France.

From St. Helena to Santiago de Cuba.

BEING A SUMMARY OF FACTS CONCERNING
THE LATTER DAYS OF

DR. FRANCOIS ANTOMARCHI,

THE LAST PHYSICIAN TO HIS IMPERIAL
MAJESTY.

FRANKLIN HUDSON PUBLISHING CO.,
KANSAS CITY, MO.
1910.

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From St. Helena to Santiago de Cuba.

Early in the days of a detail in Santiago de Cuba, during the last American occupation, we received a letter from our brother, in which he asked, as an especial favor, to pluck for him a few sprigs of something growing from the grave of Doctor Antomarchi, the last physician to the Emperor Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

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While we knew in a desultory way that a Doctor Antomarchi had been in attendance on the Emperor in his last days, we hardly knew any more than that. We certainly did not know that he had lived and died in Santiago de Cuba. So, accordingly, on one golden April afternoon, we drove to the cemetery, lying in all its white array of marbles across the still waters of the Bay of Santiago. We halted at the ruined portal and entered full of certainty. Finding the custodian, we asked for the grave of Doctor Antomarchi. He shook his head. We explained further: "The last physician to Napoleon, to Napole-

on the Great—*sabe* Napoleon?" *"Americano?"* was the questioning answer.

We could discover nothing further, and, after roaming around among the sadly neglected tombs, we drove back to the city. From that moment our search for Doctor Antomarchi in Santiago de Cuba began.

We found upon reliable authority, through the remembrances of several persons, and by searching local libraries and ponderous ecclesiastical and legal records, that a French doctor by the name of François Antomarchi was at one time a resident of Santiago de Cuba; but of his tomb, which the guide-books and M. Piron refer to, we could find nothing, though we had traced his place of burial from the records of the old parish church of San Tomas, the oldest church in the city (at least three hundred years old), to the old Santa Aña Cemetery, situated on the hill above Santa Aña Church, in the direction of El Caney, and at one time known as "The General Cemetery."

Indeed, Señor Bartoldo Portuondo, son of the Marquis de Tempu, a fine old gentleman, speaking perfect

DEATH MASK OF EMPEROR NAPOLEON I.

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English, and with the manners of old Spanish times, went with us to Santa Aña. He told us what his father, the Marquis de Tempu, had told him: that at the time of Doctor Antomarchi's death he had no tomb, and, as is the custom in this country, his friends offered the remains a place in their family tombs, which were roomy and well built. Among many others, the offer of Señor Portuondo's father, the Marquis de Tempu, was accepted, and he pointed out to us what remained of the old tomb of his fathers in Santa Aña Cemetery.

About forty years ago this, "The General Cemetery," was removed to its present location, across the bay, and Señor Portuondo told us that he himself had superintended the removal of the remains of his family, of which nothing was found but a handful of dust and a few corroded gilt buttons, presumably from his father's court uniform.

The sky was radiant with the glow of a crimson sun setting across the bay, and a murmuring wind swept through the tangled grass, as the old man peered first from one deep vault to the other. "Here it is; here is

what remains of the tomb of my father, and in this tomb the remains of Doctor Antomarchi were buried; the only other remains within at that time were those of my grandfather, also a Marquis de Tempu. My father, some years after, was interred here. Then followed other members of my family in quick succession."

This abandoned cemetery of Santa Aña is the saddest of places. Everywhere are to be seen the remains of these tombs of great depth, but most finished examples of masonry, still in perfect preservation so far as their interiors are concerned. There are still standing two graceful specimens of mortuary art, but these are entirely despoiled of inscription or of any slightest ornamentation. The place seems to have been visited by a band of ghouls, who never rested until every vestige of beauty and decency were gone.

About half a century before our visit to Santa Aña Cemetery, when presumably it was at its height of preservation, a French writer describes it in these words: "Santa Aña Cemetery is ugly, sad, horrible. No trees or shrubs ornament its paths. Miserably bare, the dry and

Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya y Morejon, Spanish Governor of Santiago de Cuba in 1838.

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withered grasses wave above the tombs, which, indiscreetly yawning, show the whitened bones of those who were consigned to their hallowed secrecy. This city certainly ignores the sentiment which makes the last resting-place of a beloved being the object of pious memory and touching veneration. Death as seen here presents a hideous aspect. At the moment we were about to leave the cemetery [continues M. Piron], bearing away these pitiful impressions, our eyes were arrested by a tomb which had the proportions of a mausoleum. Its form was regularly architectural. It contrasted most favorably with other tombs, so poor and so abandoned; it recalled with tenderness thoughts of another civilization, of elegance and of art. It seemed to dominate with its gentle melancholy this field of desolation and ruin. We approached, and on its face beheld, in the midst of a long epitaph, the name of 'Doctor Antomarchi,' the physician to the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena, who, after traveling about the world, came to Santiago de Cuba."

While the preceding descriptions of the burial-place of Doctor Antomarchi may seem contradictory, a tomb

very much like the one described by M. Piron still stands in what remains of Santa Aña Cemetery, and, as fifty years ago, still continues to be the one object to attract the eye in this scene of desolation.

We have abundant proof that Doctor Antomarchi left funds enough to have a suitable interment, and that he had friends enough among the influential and potential residents of Santiago to see that it was done becomingly and fitting his position, and the esteem in which he was held by a grateful people in this part of the world more than seventy years ago. Besides, a letter* remains in the

*MINISTERE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES.
Direction Politique.

PARIS, le 27 Nbre., 1854.

Monsieur: Le Majeste l'Empereur, informe que les restes du Docteur Antomarche gisaient abandones a St. Jacques de Cuba, dans le tombeau d'une famille etrangere, a decide que une sepulture decente et honorable serait donnee aux depouilles mortelles de fidele serviteur de Napoleon Ier et que les frais de cette sepulture incomberaient a la liste civile imperiale. Je vous prie en consequence, de vouloir bien me transmitte tous les renseignements propres a m'eclairer sur les dispositions qu'il paraitrait convenable d'adopter pour l'erection d'un tombeau destine a recevoir les cendres du Docteur Antomarchi et sur le chiffre de la depense que travaux necessiteraient.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma consideration distinguee. (Signed) DROUYN LHUIS.

Padre Braulio Odio, for many years curate of San Tomás Church.
His father was a patient of Doctor Antomarchi's.

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Moonlight on Bay of Santiago de Cuba, from balcony of the house of
Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya.

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French Consulate in Santiago de Cuba, from the French Government, written in 1854, sixteen years after Antomarchi's death, inquiring as to his place of burial, and suggesting the erection of a suitable tomb for him, who, the letter goes on to say, "is reported as being buried in the grave of a stranger."

This letter is duly recorded as having been referred to in the palace of the Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, but we were unable to find any trace of further official action.

It appears from the above varying accounts of Doctor Antomarchi's burial-place that his remains were only temporarily placed in the tomb of the Marquis de Tempu, and that after a suitable place of interment had been prepared, they were removed. If this did occur, Señor Portuondo was not aware of it; but, as he was given to long absences abroad, it is not unlikely the change was made without his knowledge. This fact, however, remains, that to-day there is no inscription on any tomb, tablet, or memorial in Santiago de Cuba, to mark the last resting-place of an important character in the great tragedy that was

enacted at St. Helena. That there was at one time an epitaph in Santa Aña Cemetery to the memory of Doctor Antomarchi there can be no doubt; but how long vanished one can not say, or whether enmity, spite, or the curio-hunter despoiled it, no one knows.

The first tomb shown in the accompanying illustration of Santa Aña Cemetery, Señor Ricardo J. Navarro, who visited the spot with us, points out as the place indicated to him when a young lad, by his father, as the spot where rested the remains of the last physician of Napoleon at St. Helena. Señor Navarro says he often visited it when a boy, dreaming of the glory and splendor that was Napoleon's, and brooding over the frailty of human greatness. While sitting on the curb of the tomb he could look down into it and see a crumbling coffin, which contained the remains of the man whom he believes closed Napoleon's eyes, composed his limbs, and folded those hands which once grasped so proudly the orb of power; the man who preserved to an adoring world the imprint of that beautiful face which death left so serenely heroic, whose hidden mystery of grace and

Soñora Angella Moya y Portuondo, the old lady who eight years ago sold the death mask of Napoleon for thirty dollars.

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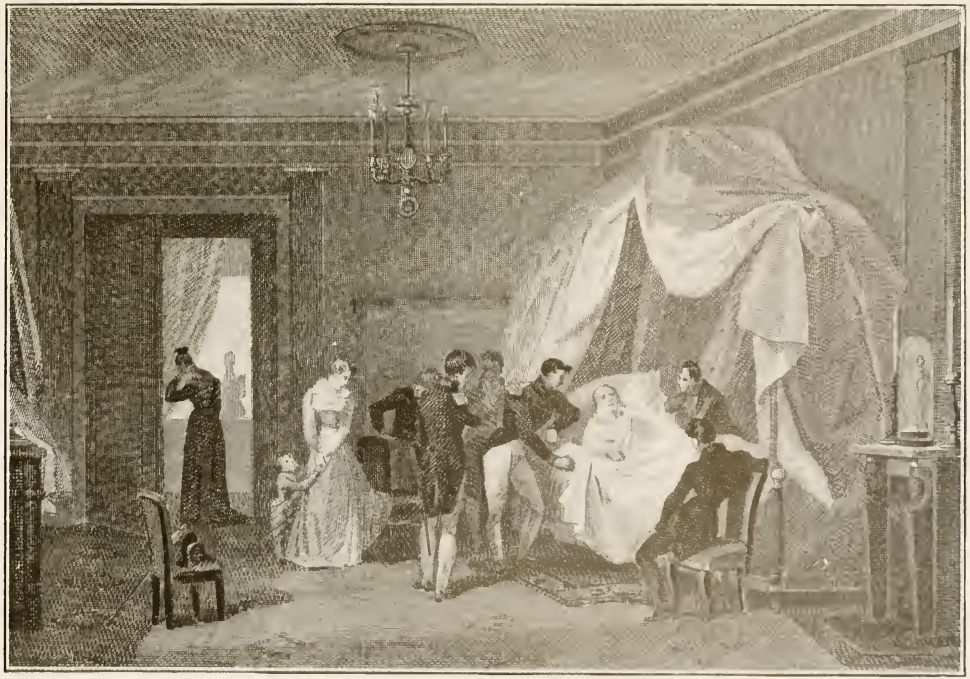
strength attracts and holds the world to-day with a charm that does not lessen as the years move on. These are Antomarchi's deed and title to earthly esteem and honor.

Who the man was, and what, but little is known. Born in 1780, a Corsican; a student, with decided inclination toward science, at Leghorn, at Pisa, and at Florence, where he was a pupil of Mascagni, a world-noted anatomist, and whose successor he became. In December, 1818, he was chosen by the authorities at Rome and by Napoleon's mother and family to serve the Emperor as medical attendant at St. Helena.

It was in September, 1819, that Antomarchi, a slight man of medium height, worn with hard study, landed on that remote island. He was exhausted with the long, uncomfortable, and rough voyage, and very likely did not present an attractive appearance. It is not strange, therefore, that Napoleon looked with haughty eyes upon this unkempt, half-starved countryman of his, a novice indeed in experience with courtiers. Perhaps he rebelled that the home authorities should have sent so inexperienced and unprepossessing a personage to his already ill-y as-

sorted contingent. He received him coldly, surrounded as he was by a coterie of ill-natured and quarrelsome persons. This could scarcely be otherwise, immured as they were in tiresome monotony, with one weary day following another, subjected to the tyranny of their custodians, and cut off from the land that gave them birth, "that sweet and pleasant land of France." But if to these who shared Napoleon's exile life was hard, what must it have been to him, the high controller of the world's destinies, he at whose bidding nations rose and fell?

It is not unlikely Antomarchi was chosen for this position on account of his brilliant reputation as a student, and on account of his previous non-contact with the world; each of which reputations would recommend him as one free from political intrigue and without a knowledge of affairs that might be construed as harmful. For, of all callings, the pursuit of science permits the smallest opportunities to observe life in its every-day generalities; the attention is so engrossed, the ends sought so absorbing, that life with its ambitions, schemings, intrigues, and selfish aims passes by unheeded. The scientific student,



Death of Napoleon. Doctor Antomarchi on extreme right of picture.

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on this account, is not often able to compete with life successfully, and often, as did Antomarchi, becomes self-sufficient, egotistical, and, let us say, unsophisticated. At any rate, Antomarchi was considered by the authorities a good man to send to St. Helena. It is not strange that he was kept much in the background among the more favored English surgeons, and one can well believe, after some study of the time and place, that he was very much kept in the background.

As has been said, Napoleon looked with hauteur upon this extremist, who could talk of nothing but anatomy, anatomy, anatomy, and whose dearest treasure was a set of Mascagni's anatomical plates. With ardor he babbled continuously on his favorite and all-engrossing subject. He was only an ardent student, in whom Napoleon had no confidence, and his retinue were of the same mind, while the English authorities saw in him what they believed to be an easy go-between, between Longwood and the Governor's house.

All together, this inexperienced man had no easy place to fill, and, with the usual tactlessness of all engrossed

students, he knew not how to forefend himself against the enmities, spites, and petty jealousies that attacked him on all sides, as all biographers admit these attributes of human nature to have had a strong hold in as well as out of the Emperor's household at St. Helena.

After the tragedy whose stage and setting at St. Helena was finished, the curtain drawn, the lights extinguished, Antomachi left the island, bearing with him other treasures than the anatomical plates of Mascagni: his few precious souvenirs of the Emperor, among them the mask which he himself had made from the dead Emperor's face, a lock of the Emperor's hair, a seal he had used, and the sheet on which he had died. First he went to the court of Marie Louise, but doubtless long ere he arrived there his enemies had preceded him. She had no word for this messenger from a dying king. He went to Poland and evidently blundered there, for he was a blundering man. Paris knew him for a while, and perhaps consoled him; for if ever a spot thrilled and throbbed with an individuality, Paris thrills and throbs with that of the Emperor Napoleon. Here the Emperor trod in his success,

The home of Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya as it appears today. It was in this house that Doctor Antomarchi died of yellow fever, 4 a. m., April 3, 1838.

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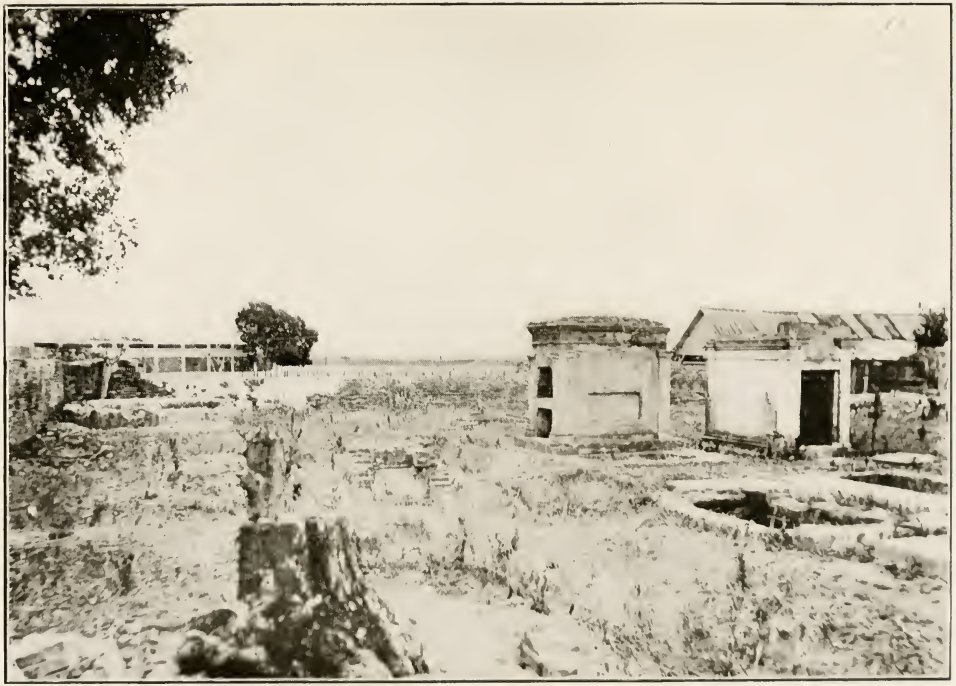
a success greater than ever before came to a mortal. Here he wore a crown; here he bore his son to his baptism; that loved and longed-for son, who was to be the heir of his own matchless renown, but whose fate was infinitely sadder and more hopeless than the Emperor's own.

While in Paris, Antomarchi wrote several books on different subjects, among them and the best known "Les Dernier Moments de Napoléon," which there is no good reason, despite adverse criticism to the contrary, for believing other than a reliable account of that time as it appeared to him. But his unrest was not satiated. In all probability he was invited by the fact that in a new world, on the banks of the Mississippi, lay a pleasant city filled with loyal Frenchmen, who in a time of exalted enthusiasm had built a palace for the exiled Emperor, and who entertained the idea of rescuing him from his English prison. Antomarchi sailed from Havre on the ship "Salem," and arrived at New Orleans on November 9, 1834, where he was received with every honor. For had he not administered to their Emperor in his last extremity? Had

he not by his skill and art preserved those majestic features to time? Nothing was left undone by these gallant and true Frenchmen to show to Antomarchi their full appreciation of what he had been, of what he had done. But the enmity that must have been engendered, that in reality must have preceded him to St. Helena, soon followed him here, and his seemingly bright career was overcast by scandalous innuendos and local jealousies. Some of these were probably justly bestowed, for, as before mentioned, Antomarchi seems to have been a blunderer, and unquestionably was garrulous over the fact, to him so appallingly great, that he had held the dying hand of "the greatest man who ever lived," as he invariably spoke of Napoleon.

He again took up his pilgrimage, and sailed on a ship from New Orleans, first to Mexico, thence to Havana, and reported to the Spanish Governor-General Tacon, expressing to him his wish to study yellow fever in epidemic. It was in Havana that he met and knew Doctor Finlay, father of the present Doctor Carlos J. Finlay, celebrated for his inception of the mosquito transmission of yellow fever. Antomarchi was advsed to go to Santiago



The abandoned Cemetery of Santa Aña. The tomb to left is supposed to be the one in which the remains of Doctor Antomarchi were last buried.

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The building used as a hospital by Doctor Antomarchi in Santiago de Cuba, corner of Gallo and Foro Streets, as it appears to-day.

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de Cuba, where an epidemic of yellow fever was at that time in progress. Besides, there was another motive for his going to Santiago de Cuba. His first cousin, Antonio Antomarchi, owned a coffee plantation, which bore the name "San Antonio," about thirty miles distant from the city of Santiago de Cuba. Many encyclopædists have confounded this Antonio Antomarchi with Doctor Antomarchi, and erroneously record the latter's death as having occurred at San Antonio.

In Havana letters of introduction were given him by Governor-General Tacon and others, to Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya y Morejon, Governor of Santiago de Cuba.

It is not unlikely that at this time he was short of funds, a poor man and very weary with his wanderings. On his way to Santiago de Cuba he tarried a little while at the old city of Puerto Principe, now Camaguey, and to the family with whom he sojourned, who would accept no other remuneration, he gave from his treasure store a tiny lock of Napoleon's hair, a seal used by him, and a fragment of the sheet on which he had died. Even in this

remote part of the world these sacred relics were fully appreciated and carefully guarded, and but fifteen years ago, when so many Spaniards left Cuba for Spain, the descendants of the person to whom they were given carried them there.

Arriving in Santiago de Cuba in 1837, he presented his letters of introduction to Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya, and at once began his busy and useful career in this city.

Soon baffled in his study of yellow fever, unable to discover its cause or cure, he took up the work of the eye, which in this tropical country offered large opportunities. The work pleased him. He found enjoyment in the delicacy and minuteness of it, and he was soon a very busy man. The first operation for cataract performed in Cuba was made by Doctor Antomarchi on the mother of his friend the Marquis de Tempu, and was entirely successful; the lady recovering her sight, to the great delight of her family and a large circle of friends. This gave a tremendous impetus to the fame of Doctor Antomarchi in Cuba, and he soon became besieged with patients from

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.
A view from the Author's quarters, 1908.

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all walks of life. Other evidences of his skill as an oculist of these early days quite disprove the statements of some Napoleonic writers who state that Dr. Antomarchi was a charlatan. From the rich he demanded fees accordingly, but the poor received his best efforts without charge. So enthusiastic were the people with his work that by popular subscription a hospital with darkened rooms was provided for his eye patients, which building still stands on the corner of Gallo and Toro streets. He made his home with the family of Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya, the Governor, in a fine old house, still standing. From its high balcony bright vistas of mountain, sky, and bay stretch away in incomparable beauty. I like to think of Doctor Antomarchi sitting on this breeze-blown balcony, in quiet converse with the valiant Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya, resting after the arduous toil of the long, hot Cuban day. One may safely say that they talked often of the Emperor Napoleon, who we have reason to believe was never long out of Antomarchi's thoughts, exchanging views, opinions, and recollections. The old brigadier-general had fought against

Napoleon's forces in Spain, and had lost an eye in the battle of Beylen. He had the reputation of being a brave and valiant man, and at this time was the foremost resident of Santiago, and yet, like those of his friend Doctor Antomarchi, his remains to-day are lost and unmarked in the abandoned cemetery of Santa Aña.

These busy peaceful days in Santiago de Cuba, and these visits on this high balcony in the heavenly coolness of Cuban evenings, his heart warm with pleasant friendhips, his mind appeased, the days of his pilgrimages apparently over, surely, since his proud student days, these days in Santiago de Cuba were the best days of Doctor Antomarchi's life.

Seventy years is not so long a time in other countries as it is in Cuba. In Cuba the path of revolution and revolt have left their blazed trail, in which the resting-places of the dead even were not held sacred, and in which the minds of the people were too excited and harassed to preserve in song and story only those men who aided and helped on the great common disaster. Even ecclesiastical records were not safe. Poverty, ruin, famine, war, and

Santa Aña Church and view from Santa Aña Cemetery.

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the fearful ravages of yellow fever swept with deadly repetition over this most beautiful of islands. Estates were pillaged; the most beautiful old dwellings, filled with rare objects of art from all parts of the world, libraries, pictures, statuary, musical instruments, silver and rare china, all those things which give intellectual vigor through admiration, were vigorously subjected to the hands of a brutal and ignorant mob. "Destroy!" "Destroy!" "Destroy!" was the watchword of the Cuban insurgents. This I know from the Cubans themselves. So it is not strange that to try to trace life and its attributes, even through this relatively short space of seventy years, in Cuba is like stumbling on a dark night in a strange place. But through the darkness that seems to have settled down, now and then gleams a small light, which by carefully following leads out of the extreme gloom.

The old curate of San Tomas Church, Padre Braulio Odio, a gentle old man seventy-six years of age, and still performing faithfully his duties as the good shepherd to his flock of souls; still climbing day by day the long sweeping street to the cathedral for his daily devotion,

told us in affectionate words that his father had been a patient of Doctor Antomarchi's. His father was threatened with loss of sight, and among other things that the doctor recommended for him were fifty consecutive daily baths in the sea. The Padre's father recovered his sight and strength, and, as the old man remarked, warmed by the recollections of youth, "My father was always talking of Doctor Antomarchi; he was never weary of praising him."*

We have also talked with a very little old lady, Señora Angella Moya y Portuondo, the daughter-in-law of Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya. She said she remembered Doctor Antomarchi very well. "He was very much thought of—more than that, he was very much beloved," and as she recalled him, "he was a small man with gray hair." She further said: "He was a great doctor, and his hospital was thronged with patients, rich and poor, white and black, clamoring for his attention." As she

*Since the above was written, the writer has attended the obsequies of Padre Odio in old San Tomas Church, and the same bells rang his departure that announced that of Doctor Antomarchi, more than seventy years before.

Exma. Sra. Dna Carmen de Moya y Bayu. Condesa de Sta. Ines, friend of Doctor Antomarchi.

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sat propped up in her chair, almost blind, deafness coming on, her tiny swollen feet resting on a footstool before her, it was almost like holding communication with a denizen of another world. But while her physical infirmities were heavy upon her, her mentalities were remarkably clear, and she spoke with an almost child-like eagerness. Especially was this evident when she told us of the true death-mask of Napoleon, which Doctor Antomarchi had carried safely through all his long journeyings, and from which the numerous masks which he so generously distributed had been made. Señora Moya said she remembered the children playing with it, and when it became too dirty, they occupied themselves by scratching off the layers of dirt with their finger-nails. This, of course, must have been after Antomarchi was dead. She also said that embedded in the interior surface of the mask about the forehead were many fine straight hairs of a brown color, which is almost conclusive evidence that this was the real original mask. She also gave us the clue which, after diligent and faithful following, put us in possession of Doctor Antomarchi's last will and testament.

The fortunes of the Moya family, once the proudest and most influential of the old families of Santiago de Cuba, fell with the decline of the Spanish power. Lands and properties were lost or disposed of to ill advantage. So it came about that, after repeated wars, only eight years ago, a man came to Señora Moya, into whose keeping the mask had been given through her husband's family. She was persuaded to sell it, and the object that Antomarchi so loved and cherished, and which he had given to his dearest friend as the last highest token of love and respect, passed into the hand of a stranger for the munificent sum of thirty dollars.

At the only moment in his life, perhaps, when Doctor Antomarchi was receiving a meet return for his labors, laudations for his good deeds, the respect and admiration of the community in which he lived, and the happiness that comes with the ability to heal and restore, he fell suddenly ill, and April 1, 1838, knowing that his end was near, made his last will and testament. At 4 a. m., April 3d, he lay dead of yellow fever in the house of his friend, Brigadier-General Don Juan de Moya y Morejon.

Exmo. Sr. Don José Antonio Portuondo y Herrera, Conde de Sta. Ines, friend of Doctor Antomarchi, and a witness to his last will and testament.

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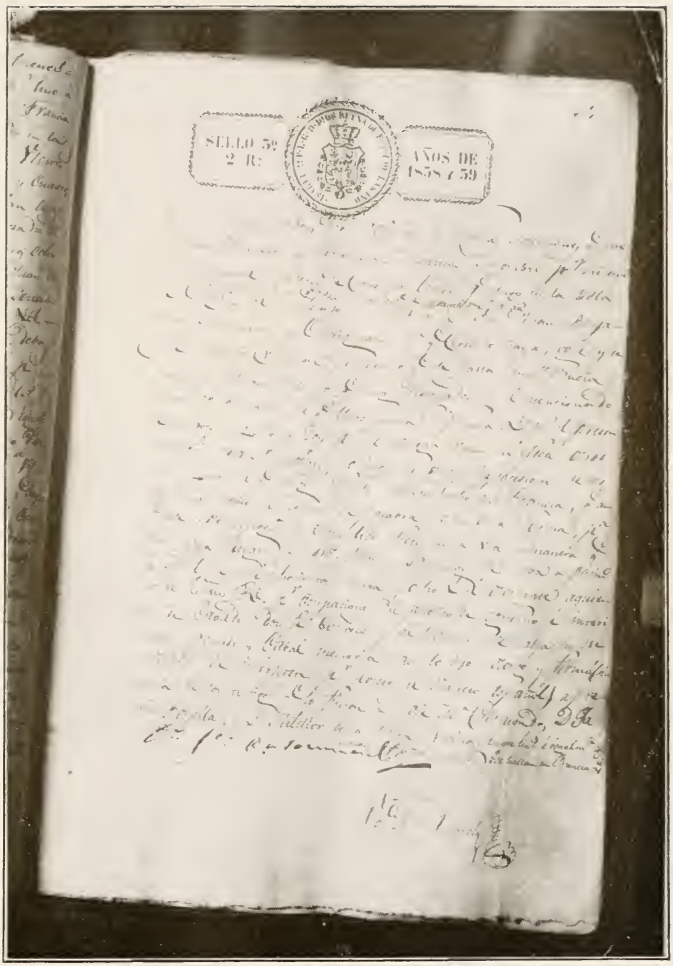

Third and last page of Dr. Antomarchi's last Will and Testament. Showing his signature thereto. (See translation.)

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His last will and testament gives some idea of his life and character, and the record of his imposing funeral from San Tomas Church, which structure remains almost unchanged to this day, the hand of the restorer not yet having been raised against it, testifies to the esteem in which Doctor Antomarchi was held in Santiago de Cuba.

The only romance in his life seems to have been his love for the Emperor. It glitters across the tangled and often obscure net-work of his years, at once fascinating and past description beautiful, the love and devotion of a small man for, as Doctor Antomarchi always called him, "*the greatest man that ever lived.*"

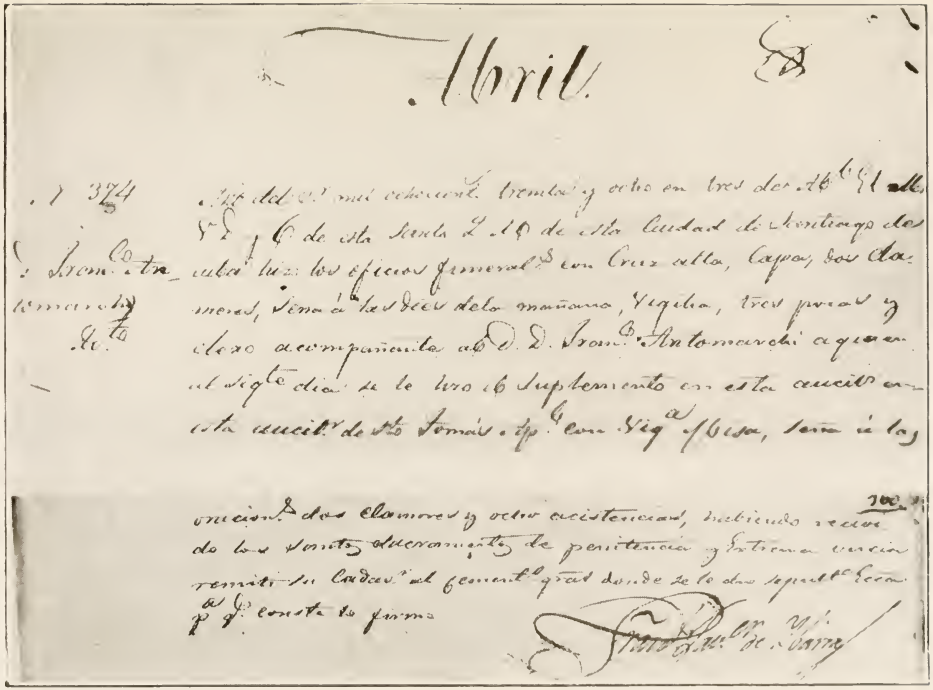
HENRY D. THOMASON,
Captain Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

For kindly consideration and many courtesies extended in the preparation of this subject matter, I am indebted to the following distinguished residents of Santiago de Cuba, besides those mentioned: His grace the Archbishop of Santiago; Doctor Iillas, chief sanitary officer of the city; Señor Carlos Hernandez; Dr. Richard Wilson, U. S. P. H. and M. H. Service; Dr. Louis Hechavarria; Señor Deleau; Señor Antonio Antomarchi (son of Antonio the cousin of the Doctor); and Mr. Geo. E. Bryson; also to Professor Fortier, Tulane University, New Orleans.

TRANSLATION OF THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF DOCTOR FRANCOIS ANTOMARCHI.

In the name of God All-powerful. *Amen.*

Be it known that I, doctor in medicine and surgery, D. Francisco Antomarchi, native of Morsiola in Corsica, legitimate son of Juan Antomarchi and Bridgetta Matey, both dead; finding myself gravely ill, but in full and free use of my judgment, memory, and natural understanding, and firmly believing in the most high mystery of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—three distinct persons and only one true God—and all else taught by our holy mother the Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome; under whose faith and belief I was born, have lived, and will continue to live as a faithful Christian until death, and if by the influence of the enemy of mankind I should become delirious is my sickness, or from other cause (may God not permit the same) should I utter or think other-



Photograph of Record in Parish Register of San Tomás Church, pertaining to the funeral and burial of Doctor Antomarchi. (See translation.)

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wise, from this moment I revoke the same as detestable and not thought in fact: and fearful of death, I order and will in the following manner:

Firstly, I commend my soul to God, who created and redeemed it with the infinite price of His adorable blood, passion, and death; beseeching Him to pardon my sins and to take my soul to the enjoyment of His holy glory, for which it was created; beseeching the Most Holy Virgin Mary, Our Lady, Mother of God, counselor of sinners, to guide me in the way of salvation. I consign my body to the earth of which it was formed, to be buried in the General Cemetery, leaving the details of my burial to my executor, provided that three masses be said for my soul and the customary alms given, including the fund for the "Pio Religioso," all of which is to be taken out of my estate.

I declare that I am unmarried, and that I recognize no issue. I declare that when I left France I made a will which I sealed and deposited in the commercial house of Señor Lazard, Plaza de las Victors, No. 3, between the years thirty-three and thirty-four, in which I made dispo-

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sitions, and I request and command that these be strictly carried out in the terms therein expressed.

I declare of my possessions, that the sum of thirty-two hundred and eight dollars are in the hands of Brigadier Don Juan de Moya y Mojeron, and likewise one thousand six or seven hundred dollars will be found in my commode.

I declare that I owe no one, but that others owe me for various cures, as follows: Doña Maria Manuela Valiente, five hundred dollars; Don José Chamiso, an equal sum, as proven by a note; D. Proensa, three hundred dollars; the Reverend Father Don Salvador Lozada, an equal sum; Doña Rosa Pera, two hundred dollars; Doña Dolores Espejo, sixteen dollars; Señor Molin, three hundred and eighty-four dollars; Doña Ursula Ripilado, three hundred and twenty dollars; and other individuals as indicated in my memorandum-book of cures.

I declare that, in addition to the above effects, I have others in the island, as proven by documents which will be found with my private papers, as well as other personal valuables.

San Tomás Church, Santiago de Cuba, where the last funeral rites of Doctor Antomarchi were celebrated. The colorings are exact as they appear to-day.

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And to faithfully carry out this my will, I name as my executor Don Antonio Juan Benjamin Antomarchi y Choigneau, my first cousin, with all the power and facility accorded him by law, to carry out this will with free and liberal interpretation, and to extend the time provided by law if necessary.

And as cashier, Don Agustin de la Tejera, in order to pay or collect such accounts which may present in accordance with these provisions, according to law covering the case, proceeding with all extra-judiciality. And with the remainder of all my properties, debts, rights, stocks, that now belong to me, or may in future belong to me, I appoint and name as my only sole and general heir to all my possessions in the Island of Cuba as well as others I possess, except what I possess in France, the before mentioned cousin, Don Antonio Juan Benjamin Antomarchi y Choigneau, so that he can have it all, enjoy and inherit it with my blessing, except that which is in France, as this must remain as I have set it apart in the foregoing sealed will referred to.

And by the present I revoke, annul, and consider as of

no value or effect any other wills, powers, codicils, or other dispositions in wills, except as in that one referred to as sealed and made in France, or any other before made by writing, word, or other form: so that this instrument only shall be valid and have effect in the manner and through the channels herein prescribed.

Dated in Santiago de Cuba the first day of April, the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and the author of this will is known to me, the Notary, by royal decree in the employ of the public, and held in full confidence by the Government; and I testify that to all appearances this man is of sound mind and judgment, and that he made and signed this document (without the aid of an interpreter, as he understands the Spanish language) in the presence of the witnesses, who are Don José Maria Portuondo, Don Jabier Borjilla, and Don Melchor de la Tejera, neighbors.

DR. FCO. ANTOMARCHI.

Before me, *Franco. Anto. Bucarely.*

TRANSLATION OF THE FUNERAL RECORD OF DOCTOR FRANCISCO ANTOMARCHI.

(In the Parish Register, Church of San Tomas the Apostle, Santiago de Cuba.)

APRIL.

In the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, April third, the Very Venerable Dean and Chapter in this Metropolitan Church of this city of Santiago de Cuba performed the funeral services with the large cross, cope, with two Summons at ten o'clock in the morning, with Vigil, three processions, and the clergy accompanied the body of Doctor Don Francisco Antomarchi, which on the following day they gave service to in this auxiliary Church of San Tomas the Apostle, with Vigil, Mass, Calls at the Prayers, and two Summons with eight assisting clergymen, he having received the Holy Sacrament of Penance and extreme Unction. I have remitted his body to the General Cemetery, where it was given interment. That this may be known, I sign

FRANCISCO XAVIER DE IBARRA.